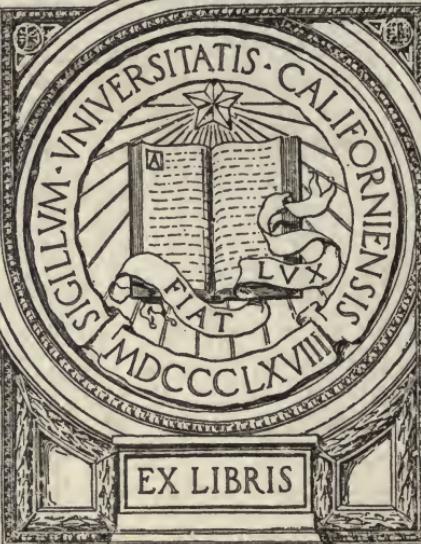


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MAJ

This book of natural poems is lovingly dedicated to my sister,
ALBERTINE,
known in religion as
SISTER MARY BERCHMANS,
of the
Academy of Our Lady of Mercy,
Red Bluff, California

293720

Poetry, Music and Flowers

All three God-given gifts from Heaven. Balm to the wounded heart, to the stricken soul and all within our immediate posession could we but realize it. It is in everyone's nature to dream or to pine. To dream for the things we most desire or to pine for what we cannot obtain. A dream is but a thought to realization, to realize is to act and thus accomplish the end we have in view. While on the other hand to pine is to fade away and perish in the depths of inaction, thus accomplishing nothing in this active world of ours into which we were born for some future purpose. We cannot all be poets but we can all cultivate and beautify our minds daily with the reading of some good poem to lift us up and out of our despondency and despair, our sorrow or bereavement. What more bright and cheery verse to drive away the blues or discontentment than the following one:

Keep Sweet. The robin in the tree
Chirps forth his cheery song to me,
So many times, as tho' he knew,
That I was sorrowful and blue.
Still from his perch, high overhead
Keep sweet, keep sweet, keep sweet he said
And if you listen you may hear,
His voice musical with cheer.



Cheer up, I heard it all along
The way, from trees came forth the song
So many times as though the words
Were messages from cheery birds.
Through all the woods, their music rang
Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up they sang.
And if you listen, you may hear
The message hopeful with good cheer.

Don't fret. I heard the branches stir
With many a hopeful messenger
Who in his wisdom seemed to know
That I was worn, and grieving so
So from the branches overhead
Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret he said.
Until in listening, I forgot
My troubles all, and fretted not.

And again. When the Angel of Death has hovered nigh and taken a dear one from us, leaving us alone in our great bereavement what more hopeful verse to comfort us than the following, which I know will help and soothe the wound as nothing else can do.

When to my soul you come
Missing the body so
Think not, that I am dumb,
All of your grief I know.

It is my voice you hear,
When loving life so well
You feel no passing fear
With my glad soul to dwell.

Here in this narrow bed
God gives me clearer eyes
All that I did and said
Lived on for Paradise.

So simple Heaven is---
Life is but truly blest
When death in speechless bliss
Holds wide the door of Rest.

So my readers, I hope my foreword may take root in your hearts and minds, and soothe you o'er life's pathway as the soft, sweet tones from the violin, or the fragrance from the purest things that grow, the flowers. Beautiful, fragile. They blossom, bloom and fade within a day. Heaven sent messages from God.

May C. Lassen.

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Autumn's Sadness

IN russets, reds, and golden browned,
The silent Autumn woods abound.
With fallen leaves, all dry and sear,
Proclaim the Winter-tide is near.
Gone are the birds with carols gay,
While naked trees to winds give sway,
Sighing a low sad requiem,
On foliage dying, dead, gone.
So in the Autumn of our life,
We near the close of earthly strife.
And melancholy as it seems,
Eternal rest fulfills our dreams.

A Hope

BENEATH the purple shadows of the hills,
In sweet seclusion quietly I roam.
'Tween jagged rocks, the rivulets and rills
Adown the mountains ever onward rush
To join, the seething river white with foam.
And when bright and twinkling stars at night,
Come peeping through the fine feathery leaves
Of the graceful tall acacia trees
Swaying so gently in the soft moonlight
I close my eyes and hope for home,
Alas, when I no longer care to roam
Beneath the purple shadows of the hills.

A Memory

ARE you to be only a memory,
Only a memory to me,
You having loved me so dearly
Vowing ever and ever loyalty?

Can it be I shall never behold thee,
Or gaze in your eyes deep and blue,
That ever and always told me,
I am yours forever tender and true?

If it's only to be a memory,
A mem'ry of you and of me,
Let us cherish it thus fondly
Ever into time and Eternity.

A Lullaby

MOTHER, sing that Lullaby
You sang so long ago.
When I as a tiny babe
You rocked dear, to and fro.

Sleep my precious Babe, sleep on,
May Angels guard my care.
God in Heaven ever will know,
He will hear my prayer.

A Regret

To My Canary Bird

ART dead my precious bird, art dead?
Why! oh why was I ever led
To part from thee; so very dear
Who loved me: and without a tear---
Give thee into another's hands,
While I into far distant lands
Would wander, never to see thee
Nor hear thy song again for me.
With sweetest melody didst tell
All thy love; thy little throat would
Swell to bursting, with flood of song,
Jubilant, all the whole day long.

A Summer Morn

THE ripening fields are aglow
With golden sheaves of wheat
While the air is soft and balmy
With scent of clover sweet.
The wild roses in full blossom
Are wet with morning dew,
And from a clump of shady oaks
The wood doves bill and coo.
I, deeming nature sweet and kind.
Watch green tasseled barley
Wave silv'ry in the summer wind.

A Sunset

IN a flaming red
Of a Western sky,
The gold sinking sun
Bids the day good-by.
And twilight is led
To draw the night nigh.

A Wish

OH to call thee mine forever!
Naught to part us, none to sever.
After living out rounded years
To pass forth from this vale of tears,
To another Life together,
Both forever, Aye! forever.

A Supplication

O H leave me alone in my grief,
That I may find quiet relief
With Him, in meditation sweet,
Close beneath the cross at His feet.
Where I may pray deep from my heart,
For new strength, for each daily part.
To lift my tired soul from earth's strife,
Find courage through all this vain life.

An Awakening

I awoke one sad early morn
To find that I was old and worn,
Youth had gone, forever had fled,
And fond friends once mine were silent
In yonder City of the Dead.
The World quite strange to me did seem!
Had I been living in a dream
That I forgot! I too one day
Would lose my beauty, fade away,
To be as is the common lot,
As we'd ne'er been and quite forgot!

A Poem

To My Father
The Late E. L. REIMER
Of San Francisco
California's Oldest Florist

O H, thou shalt not have lived in vain,
And glorified shall be thy name
Yet, within the State Hall of Fame.

Thy youth and time were passed in this our State,
Thy toil was ever early and 'twas late,
To use thy perfect knowledge great and grand,
To beautify our most glorious land.

So then from ev'ry foreign shore there came,
Wond'rous flowers, various trees to name
To California, for all her own,
And choicest fruits, and many vines were grown.

To thee we owe the Magnolia tree.
On a white sailed ship from over the sea,
At thy command, to always grace our clime
'Twas sent, to blossom, ever, for all time.

Camellias, fuchsias, orchids rare
Thou gavest our land an abundant share.

The first box-wood hedge all trimmed in a row,
By thy artistic hand 'twas trained to grow.

And all of the beautiful lawns so green,
Thy master mind, alert, laid out so keen
To brighten them with tulips in the reds,
And most gorgeous were their blazing beds.

And still now in thy ripe age so serene,
Thou still among thy plants are ever seen,
And always busy art thou, as the bee
That hums about the fragrant flow'r's and thee.

Therefore California, our great State
With laurel wreath, before it is too late,
Should, surely crown thee in the Hall of Fame
And pay honor to her first Florist's name.

At Twilight

VALLEYS deepen into shades of twilight,
And hushed are the carols of birds;
Tinkling sounds, out from the meadows,
Came from grazing homeward bound herds.
With the sun's afterglow, night comes onward
With stars twinkling, radiant, bright.
While cool air is sweet with fragrance
Of flow'rs, kissed by coming moonlight.
It is then that my thoughts to you wander
In silence, I live o'er again
The Past, sweet bliss to remember
Where now only ashes remain.

Christine

I know a spot where the almond trees bloom
In perfect profusion of pink and white,
Where bluest of skies are flooded with light,
With the bright rays of a warm golden sun.
Deep blue are the mountains, all tipped with snow,
While a winding river glides on below
In a green and peaceful valley serene.
Here in this quiet, contented I'd dwell
With you as my belov'd, beautiful Queen.

Then come Christine, where the almond trees bloom
In perfect profusion of pink and white.
When soft shades of evening fade into night
We'll watch in a wonderful starlit dome
The harvest moon rising over our home.

Fancied Voices

HARK! to the sounds, echoing sounds!
Which fill the air, so clear and rare,
With melody sweet, soothe all care.
Hark! to the low and plaintive note
Weirdly sad, as it seems to float
Into distance, which knows no bounds.
Art thou a pure and captive soul
Of a dear lost love long since fled
From out the sanctum of my heart,
Tho' ne'er forgot; yet perchance dead?
Oh! can it be still loving me
With thy soft pleading voice in tears,
Seek thus to awaken mem'ries
Of long and by-gone yesteryears?
Oh hark! hark, pray hark to the sound
Of endless love, which few have found.
Calling softly and intently,
Oh! come dear one, oh! come to me,
And on wings of love and song, I'll
Bear thee on to Eternity.

For You

Barbara Pendleton

DEEP down in my heart
Is a spot for you,
Where blooms a flower
Like the sky of blue.
And through fading years
It blossoms anew,
This forget-me-not
Flower, with love true.

Friendship
To Harrison Fisher

PURE as the flowers,
I bring you to-day,
So is my friendship
For you thus alway.
Oh! what is dearer
Than sweet friendship true.
When all through long years
It but firmer grew.

Full-Blown Roses

To two beautiful women

TWO glorious full-blown roses
In all their splendid beauty grand,
Before me in perfection stand.
Marv'ling o'er their velvety hue,
Their fragrance sweet me nearer drew.
I gaze, both roses faintly droop,
So watch their dainty petals fall.
Methinks, I hear a voice--a call,
From two souls borne from earthly pain.
As slowly petals fall again,
Sighing, "We have not lived in vain."

In May

SPRINGTIME is here, it is the month of May.
The honeysuckles blooming o'er the way,
It's climbing with its blossoms everywhere,
Whose dainty perfume permeates the air,
And brings sweet mem'ries of my love so fair.

When the honeysuckles bloom again
And the humming birds are here,
Meet me in the shady willow lane
Where the brooklet babbles near.

There in the summer's warm moonlight night
Our love we'll tell 'neath stars bright.

And we'll dream of future happy days,
Of our love to last always,

When the honeysuckles bloom in May.

Little Hindu Maid

MY pretty little Hindu Maid!
As brown as a berry,
Red lips like a cherry,
With eyes as black as night,
Sparkling like jewels bright
They fill me with delight.
My pretty little Hindu Maid.

My pretty little Hindu Maid!
Of tiny stature neat,
A feather on her feet,
Her dancing is divine,
I'm sure to call her mine,
And love her for all time.
My pretty little Hindu Maid.

My Father

DEAR heart! could you only come back and see
 The garden, the same as it used to be.
 The Acacia flow'ring on the hill
And all the Shasta Daisies blooming still.
 Sun rays piercing the Eucalyptus trees
Which gently sway, fanned by the first Spring breeze,
 The path-way you trod is just as of yore,
Though your dear foot-steps will fall there no more.

My Desire

IF I could only strew
Your lonely grave anew,
In the silent grey dawn
Of each awak'ning morn,
With blossoms fair and rare,
Sweet tenderness and care.

'Twould comfort this sad heart
Which ne'er has ceased to smart,
Since your pure soul took flight
On that mem'able night,
Leaving me e'er to mourn,
Forgotten and forlorn.

My Ode

To Red Bluff and Friends

THE day draws close, the time is nigh,
When farewell I must say,
To those I love and learned to love,
Forever and a day.
With tearful eyes and many sighs
I slowly wend my way,
To soothe each heart from whom I part
With "Farewell" for my lay.
Farewell to hills I dearly love,
Green valleys and clear skies.
Where blue towering mountains, with
Mt. Lassen, snow-capped rise.
To Tuscan Buttes which fascinate,
I too must say farewell.
For daily do mine eyes on these
In renewed fondness dwell.
Farewell to pretty gardens, with
Roses, entangling rose.
Among their perfumed beauty oft'
I found such sweet repose.
Farewell, farewell my song my lay,
The saddest yet, you say
That I have ever sung to thee?
Bless your hearts, in my heart
My lasting song for you will be
"Always Fond Memory!"



MT. LASSEN AND MANZANITA LAKE.

© JULY 1914
BY W. S. VALENTINE

Not Dead

Papa

I see you ev'ry where!
In ev'ry budding rose,
In ev'ry plant that grows,
E'en in the trees that sigh,
I feel your presence nigh.
Oh no! you are not dead!
Only your soul has fled,
Your mem'ry lives each hour
In ev'ry lovely flow'r.

One Day

ONE day I think you will be glad to know
That I have kept your image in my heart,
And through all the long and lonely sad years
That we have ever lived so far apart,
My love for you has only deeper grown.
One day perchance idly dreaming; the past
May kindly turn your thoughts again to me.
Will you acknowledge my true love at last
Regretting what your life has sadly missed
When the illusions have been hard to bear,
Or you are tired, weary and forlorn,
And there is none to comfort or to care:
Oh! will you close your eyes and quietly dream
Of my fond kisses, tender, soft and light,
My fingers gently smoothing back your hair,
And cheering you to make your dear life bright.
Oh! will you then remember and be glad,
That I have always kept you in my heart,
And that your soul's true home will yet be there---
Although we are now silent and apart.

Poppies

LOOK out upon that field ablaze
With glorious poppies so bright!
Their cups are filled with morning dew
Which sparkles ever in the light.
O poppies of the Golden West
In Springtime bloom you are your best.
O'er hill and vale and all around
Your golden color does abound;
And when the twilight shadows fall,
Your heads in good-night nod to all.

Remember

HE said good-by, he kissed my hand,
Whispering sweet and low,
Remember dear and don't forget
My love, I love you so.

"If you forget, you cannot love,"
I whisper to him low,
"And having loved you can't forget
My love, I love you so."

Riverside

HEMMED in among the purple hills
Lies romantic Riverside,

Known as The Mission City,
Ever so far and so wide.

Her roses in perfection bloom.
And trailing and flow'ry vines
Vie with showy beauty here
Above all the other climes.

Her famous orange groves aglow,
All in splendor, with ripe fruit,

Or with budding branches low,
Full with waxen blossoms sweet.

Then far upon Mt. Roubidoux
Saint Junipero Serra's cross
Stands, where tourists ever meet.

The Angelus

RING, sweet Angelus, ring,
That we may kneel and bring
Worship, thanks and song,
To Him, who'll right all wrong.

Ring, sweet Angelus, ring,
That we may bow, and sing
God's praises, ever more
Our Maker, we adore.

The Muse

IN deep slumbers of the night,
A soft kiss on my brow,
A whisper in mine ear,
Bids me awaken now.
The Muse am I, in thee born,
No longer canst thou sleep,
Rise and ride Pegasus,
Thy verse to write and keep,
And I will give thee Fame,
With Poet for thy name.

To A Japanese Plum Tree

A Japanese plum tree,
In my garden grows,
It blooms and blossoms
Tho' the March wind blows.

Its pretty shining leaves,
Brush my window screen
I fancy they sigh,
"We keep ever green
With the cypress nigh--
Green, ever green."

To A Magnolia

MY sweet Magnolia blossom,
Of such milky whiteness fair,
How I do adore your beauty,
Your odor so rich and rare.

Your wonderful green leaves so glossy,
Oh, most beautiful are they!
Alas! your glorious beauty,
Can only last but a day.

To California

ON the heights I stand,
Mark the slanting rays,
Of a sinking sun
Creep through tall pine trees
Of noble forests grand.
Tis California! my native land.
Here rivers, vast mountains.
Rushing falls and streams
Lead one ever on to dreams.
While glorious nature is seen
Reigning in majesty supreme.
Oh California! an alien
Long from thy sunny shore,
Let me linger near the bosom
Of thy sloping hills, ever more.

To Nature

THOU who art overwhelmingly grand
Forsooth, I ever acknowledge stand,
Before thy strength, thy beauty serene
And thy superb majesty supreme.

To thee I come, weary of the day,
Hopeful of finding yet the true way,
Pour forth all the desires of my soul,
My inmost thoughts, new-born and untold.

For Oh! in my heart, thou calmest me,
And so for this balm, I adore thee,
To thy mountains, thy hills and thy streams,
Confide I all my secrets and dreams;
In thy broad bosom safely are locked
By faithless hearts ne'er to be mocked.

To My Mother

AN Irish beauty was my mother fair!
Like the raven's wing was her glossy hair.
And her eyes the modest violet's blue,
Whose silken lashes but enhanced their hue.

Of a personality fine and rare,
Was my ever beautiful mother fair.

With a voice of a low and pleading tone,
Whose accents tender, would charm you alone.

Many years have flown since she passed away,
Yet I know she's with me every day.

And sometimes I feel the touch of her hand
Guiding me on toward the better land.

To My Sister

Lovingly dedicated to my sister,
Sister M. Berchmans,
Convent of Mercy,
Red Bluff California.

NOBLE and grand of character she,
That will bloom into Eternity.

Sweet and gentle as a child
Truly pious, meek and mild.
All the goodness of her heart
Tranquilly she does impart,
And her loftiness of mind
Is Ideality, of rarest kind.

Full of grace and wit is she,
Versatile, e'er with variety;
She could any Throne adorn
For she's to the manner born.

To Sister Mary Monica,
Academy of Our Lady of Mercy,
Red Bluff, California.

PATIENTLY she wends her way,
Feeble, aged, tired and worn.
In the eventide of Life,
Faithfully, her cross she's borne.

All the sorrow, pain and strife,
It was all; she called her own.
Soon in everlasting sleep
She'll awaken, near God's Throne.

To Germany

OH Germany! Oh Vaterland!
Land of my ancestors
Where heroes stand, and stood
Down into ages,
With a most illustrious name,
Let not this cruel war forced on thee
Wreck alas, thy glorious fame,
Nor pluck the golden eagle
From Prussia's waving flag
Of black and white
Nor hurl thy Nation
Into grief and flight.
Oh Germany! It breaks my heart
To see thee rise
From out thy peaceful land,
And battle with a foe
But yesterday thy friend.
Yet, since the Fates have willed it so,
Perchance they too, a hand will lend
To give thee strength and bravery
For conquest, 'gainst the many to the end.
So thou canst keep thy unsullied name
For unborn children thine to be,
As a Nation guiltless, and forever free.

Until You Came.

UNTIL you came, the passing days were drear,
The brightest sun seemed dim,
The bluest skies not clear.
All was sad, while loneliness and tears,
Filled my yearning heart with untold fear,
Of all the to-morrows yet to come
Which unfilled, would pass into yester years.

Until you came, my life seemed dead.
Withered like flowers of other days,
With the sweet songs of birds long fled.
Anguish, pent up in my longing soul
In vain, itself to free, out of exquisite pain
Of a loveless captivity, until you came.

Waiting

My Boy

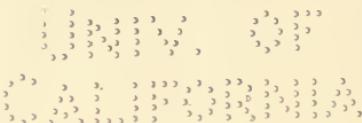
THE cold, chill winds blow,
Deep, white, glistening snow
Covers the country wide.
Quiet at the fireside
I sit, dream and wait.

The first Spring breeze blows,
Trailing arbutus grows,
And birds sing on the wing,
New life in ev'rything
Yet I dream and wait.

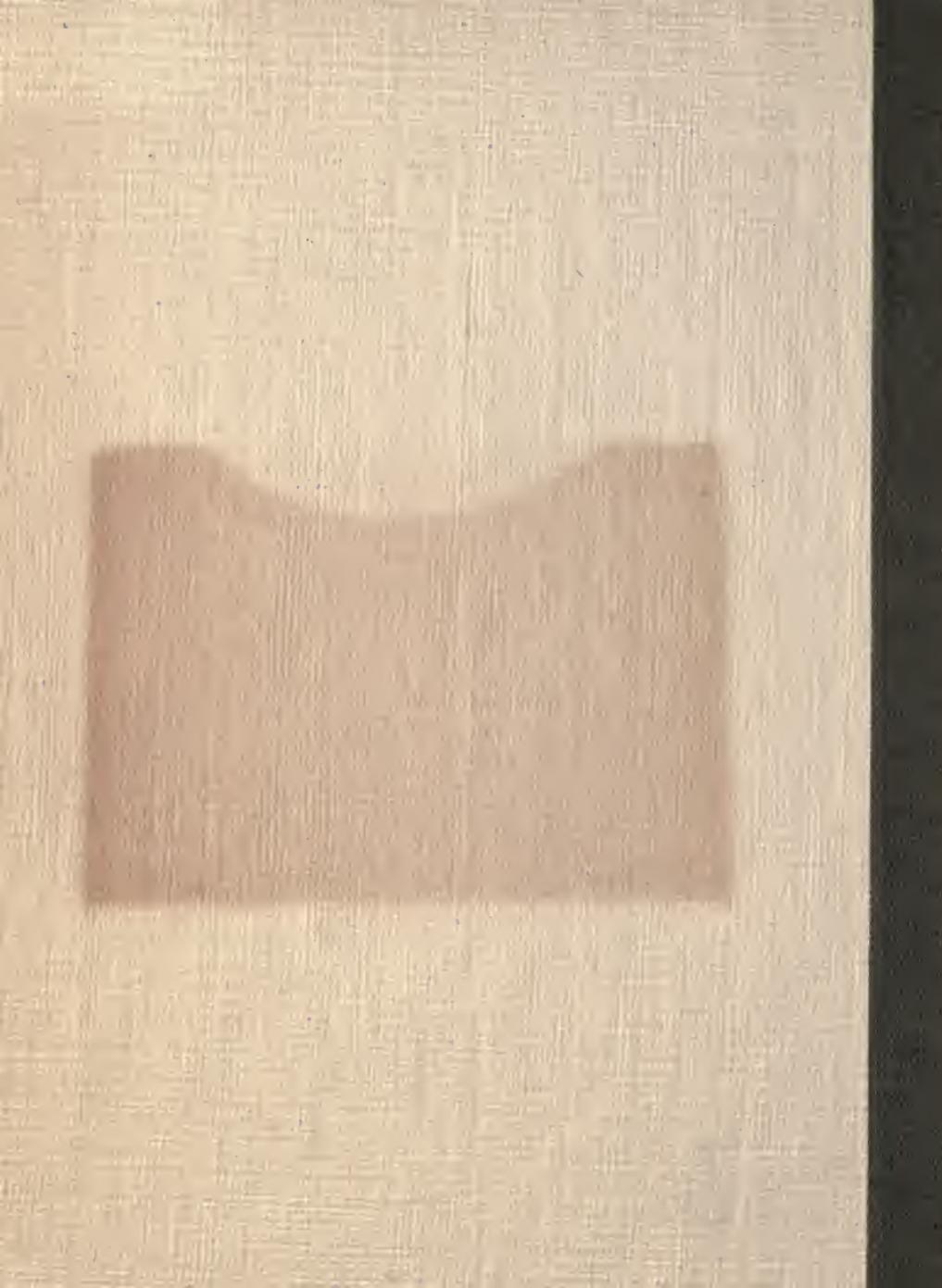
Summer comes around,
With its beauties abound;
Birds and bees and flowers,
And sunny happy hours,
Still I dream and wait.

Autumn winds blow drear,
Bare trees and leaves all sear,
The song birds long since fled,
And dying roses dead.
Yet I dream and wait.

Winter once more near,
With frost and blue skies clear,
And one who should be here,
Ne'er comes, nor will, I fear.
Yet I'll dream and wait.







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